JOURNAL'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE BOER ARMIES DENIES ALL THE STORIES OF THEIR CRUELTY AND IGNORANCE.

ston Was Warned That He Would Be Arrested, III- 1: Treated and Possibly Shot by the Burghers.

Reports of Savagery Were So Persistent That They Almost Won Belief from the Journal Correspondent.

He Was Astonished on Crossing the Free State Border to Find Himself Treated with Kindness and Respect.

that he would be made prisoner and would be ill treated by the burghers, and possibly shot.

As soon as Mr. Easton crossed the Orange River into the Free State the report was sent from Cape Town, as reproduced in the above Washington dispatch, that Mr. Easton was a prisoner in the hands of the Boers.

Mr. Easton was not a prisoner. As correspondent of the Journal he was provided with all necessary credentials and readily passed (through the Boer lines.

By Edward Eugene Easton, The Journal's War Correspondent with the Boer Army Under General Joubert in Natal.

LOEMPONTEIN, Nov. 10.-When President Kruger, after having been ved to play a game in which Mr. Chamberlain appropriated to himself all the frump cards and startled the English of-

refugees from the Rand gold fields nopolitan army of people that

own in Feverish Excitement. colought Parliament was just closing

h hundreds of thousands a few days a found themselves in Cape Town with



British Soldiers, Captured by the Boers at Dundee and Glencoe, Entering the Race Track at Pretoria as Prisoners.

(From a photograph taken by the Journal's special correspondent, Edward Eugene Easton. This photograph is copyrighted, and must not be reproduced except by permission of the New York Journal and Advertiser.)

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and Conversed with Proved Liberal Minded and Were Well Read.

> They Were Far from Being the Illiterate Set of Men He Had Been Told at Cape Town He Would Find.

> Hospitable and Cheerful in Spite of the Horrors of War. They Told of Their Determination to Fight to the End.

Invited to Visit a Farm. An old man came into the compartment

While he was talking I took out my pipe tobacco pouch and handed it to me. On the way to Bloemfontein I met and



